



Killing President Harth



assassination

killing

president

139 6 9

Chapter 1 by Ryan DeAngelis

It's been weeks since we first thought of the idea, and now we were spending the whole night planning it out. Though we had been talking about it constantly, we both knew that it likely wouldn't work. Killing President Harth would be an unsuccessful suicide mission. But here we were, Kyle and me, making a plot to do it.

"So, what are we going to do once the shot fires?" I asked.

"Huh?"

"Oh, come on, it's a fucking gunshot, instantly traceable. They're gonna be on our asses in an instant if we don't get out, right?"

"Yeah."

"So, what are we going to do about that?"

Chapter 2 by Wikedywik



"I'll tell you." Said someone out of the shadows. She dropped down, dressed in black. "You shoot their f---ing heads off with these!"

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A bag dropped down next to them. Machine guns. Bombs. Grenades. "Get them," she said, and unzipped it. "Holy crap..." Kyle said. I confronted a more important priority.

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"Who are you?" I asked. She looked down at me with bright green eyes, and smiled.

"Does it matter? We both want the tyrant dead, and I need some idiots to help me."

"Well that's not nice-" Kyle started.

"Well neither is killing the president." She said. "Now, plans." She said. Another bag dropped from the shadows in the ceiling. She picked it up and took out some scrolls of blueprints.

Quickly, she explained the assassination plan.

Chapter 3 by Brooklyn Bryce



I found myself looking at her more than the blueprints she's laid out for the plan, I'd suddenly stopped questioning the important things and was slowly slipping into her hands.

"Got that?" She looked from Kyle to me. "It's fairly simple."

"Fairly simple isn't going to get this job done, you know that, right?"

"Is this guy always so optimistic?"

Kyle doesn't say anything because he doesn't want to die. I stand to my feet, I hover over her and to prove that she's ten times bigger than me she puts her hands on her hips as if challenging me outright.

"I'm just taking every contingency route. If I knew you, you'd know that." I shoot her a look and she seems to weaken her defense.

I thought so.

"We've had this plan for weeks so I don't know who you think you are waltzing up in here like you know what to do."

Chapter 4 by Wikedywik



"If you have been working on that poor plan for weeks, my mission has already failed." She

declares. One of the huge shadows in the corner that followed her laughs, and she glares at him.

He almost silently whimpers.

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"Now listen up, punk." She says, pointing her finger at the chest with her finger. Even though

she's a head shorter than me, I feel intimidated. But I also feel a

hint of a blush rising to my cheeks.

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"You do what I tell you to do, and you don't question it. Just because you think you're so manly, all pumped up on testosterone, doesn't mean you're the sharpest knife in the drawer." She looks me up and down, and I think she's checking me out for a second, but then she says, "I'd say you're a butter knife that can't even cut butter."

At that she turns around, her hips moving gracefully as she strides back to the table she had left to scold me. I stare at her a little too long, and I hear one of the shadow men growl at me. I hastily avert my gaze as I walk up to Kyle.

She stares at the mass of blueprints for a solid minute, then turns and nods at one of the guys in the shadows. He seems to be their leader, because he takes two steps forward, and all the rest of them take only one. "Mademoiselle?" He asks.

"Allons-y" She says. Kyle whispers to me in translation, "Let's go."

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